UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Armistice Day

By JESSE H. HOLMES

World Conference About Boys

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Farther Fate of Russian Orthodoxy

By ALINA HUEBSCH

"The Woman of Knockaloe"

Reviewed by WALTER WALSH

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1923 NUMBER 10

The effect of power and publicity on all men is the aggravation of self, a sort of tumor that ends by killing the victim's sympathies; a diseased appetite, like a passion for drink or perverted tastes; one can scarcely use expressions too strong to describe the violence of egotism it stimulates. —*Henry Adams.*

The failure, temporary or otherwise, of the Curzon-Hughes suggestion of an international conference on reparations, was not a total failure. In the one important respect of isolating France as the recalcitrant and intransient militaristic power of the day, as the outstanding menace to the peace and order of the world, the negotiations were a great success. The New York *World* states the facts with fine precision in a leading editorial (November 11):

> M. Poincaré never wanted the Hughes plan nor any other plan which would limit his freedom to deal with Germany, however violently, however unreasonably. He has never wanted any Government but his own to have any real voice in the administration of the treaty. . . .
>
> The American people now possess an accurate measure of the man who by virtue of an overwhelming army, backed by reserves of African conscripts, dominates Europe from the Atlantic Ocean to the frontiers of Russia. They know by their own direct experience how resolutely hostile he is to any solution inspired by reason. They know as a result of these last two weeks of bickering that the Government of France is afraid of an investigation and will resist any move that threatens to throw light on its real purposes. M. Poincaré is the head of a Government which does not dare to face an impartial and honest inquiry into the reparation question.

What may now happen, what has perhaps already happened before these words are printed, is altogether uncertain. Our own hope is that Mr. Hughes and Lord Curzon will go ahead and hold their international conference with Poincaré left out. We have no great faith in such a conference being able to save the world as it exists today. But we can see certain contributions which the conference can make toward the easing of the situation. One is to give aid and comfort to the best forces in Germany in the work of holding the Republic together and cherishing hope for the future. The prospect of the approaching winter is ghastly, and the Germans must have a straw or two to which to cling if they are to survive. The main thing, however, is that anything is likely to happen when men get together under the impulse of immediate and desperate need. So we hope that America and England will "follow through." No harm can be done, and mayhap much good!

In a recent despatch from Paris we read that the League of Nations committee appointed to inquire into chemical warfare has concluded to recommend the continuance of this mode of war-making. This statement comes from M. Chassaigne, editor of *Le Journal,* who gives it on the authority of Col. Raymond Bacon of the United States Chemical Warfare Service. Col. Chassaigne adds that the committee bases its report on the conclusion that the use of chemical agents in war is more humane and less dangerous than other methods of combat. At the same time it defines the various types of chemical destruction now available, and distinguishes between those which the nations ought to accept and reject. In our humble opinion, may we say, the nations will reject nothing in this mode of warfare which promises embarrassment and destruction to the enemy. The most cruel gases will be instantly preferred to the most humane (if there be such a thing!), if it is more effective for the purpose in hand. As for the general report, we wonder what is meant by the suggestion that chemical warfare is *"less dangerous* than other methods of combat"? Less dangerous to whom—to the enemy, or to humanity? And what do we mean by degrees of danger in this business of wounding and killing? What the committee probably means is that chemical warfare kills more promptly and extensively, with less "messing-up" about it, than any other known agency of destruction. Which means, from the human standpoint, that chemical warfare is the most "dangerous" thing in sight! All in all, this despatch from Paris seems to us amazing! In spite of our distrust of the League of Nations, we cannot and will not believe the report unless or until it is confirmed. Already, however, M. Chassaigne warns France that she "must revive the chemical warfare section which she has allowed to fall into neglect"!

The non-resistance struggle is on again in India, and we have no doubt that here again it will prove to be successful. This latest battle is in Nabha at Jaito. It seems that the Maharajah in that district has for some reason been deposed. In resentment and protest against this action, the Gurudwara Prabandhak Committee has ordered a religious "dewan" in the Gurudwara at Nabha. The command has been obeyed, and

an Indian newspaper just at hand announces that "the situation has become critical."

> Those inside the Gurudwara are being closely besieged by the police and the military. It is said that the people inside are left without water or food and as they are prevented from communicating with the world outside, it is clear that the fight this time is going to take a different turn. Jathas are regularly proceeding to the scene of struggle and attempts are being made to disperse them forcibly. The authorities have been instructed to use whatever force that may be required and at Jaito now may be re-enacted the scenes that took place at Amritsar last year. The Sikhs are a determined community and they are firm in their demand that the Maharajah should be re-instated on his throne. The Nabha question has undeniably become a trial of strength between the Government and the Sikhs and though in brute force the Government may be infinitely their superior right and justice are on the Sikh side and in a non-violent struggle, there can be no doubt which would win at the end.

It is interesting to inquire, just for a moment, why it is that in a struggle of this kind, the Indians have the ability to succeed where others, notably occidentals, fail. The first reason we believe to be patience—a divine patience that makes no account of time, and is willing to endure months, even years, to attain its end. A second reason is heroism, or, more particularly, capacity for suffering. There seem to be no limits to what the oriental can endure. Lastly there is that innate spirituality, that sense of inner as contrasted with outer reality, which represents the opposite pole from the materialism of the West. Is it strange, with such qualities that the Indians can conduct a non-resistance campaign to a triumphant conclusion? We have much yet to learn in this part of the world.

The American Civil Liberties Union has recently been having a lively controversy with the mayor of Boston on the old familiar problem of free speech as guaranteed by the Constitution. The issue turned in this case on the right of the Ku Klux Klan to assemble and talk. The Klan, recognizing the hostile character of the territory in which it was functioning, proposed not to hold a public meeting, but to hire a hall—i. e., assemble on private property—and gather together its own members for the discussion of its own ideas. Mayor Curley, a good Catholic by the way, promptly issued an ultimatum that the Klan could not hold a meeting of any kind in Boston, that he would use all the police power at his disposal to disperse a Klan gathering, and that he would withdraw the license of any theater or hall which might be hired by the Klan. The Civil Liberties Union at once threw down the gauntlet on the ground that under existing laws the Klan, however objectionable on other grounds, was a legal organization and had the same basic right as any other organization to exercise Constitutional privileges of free speech and free assembly. The result was a lively correspondence in which the Mayor abated not one jot or tittle of his determination to deny to the Klan any opportunity of meeting. It is needless to explain to our readers at this late date that we have not the slightest sympathy with the Ku Klux Klan. We believe it to be an obnoxious, abominable, pestilential crowd, a public nuisance, and a menace to the liberties of the American people. We do not see how these liberties can be protected, however, by denying them outright to the Klan itself. What Mayor Curley is doing to the Klan in Boston, the Klan itself is undertaking to do to Roman Catholics in other parts of the country. Despotism in the one case is just as bad as it is in the other—indeed we regard it as a little worse in Boston as exercised by Mayor Curley, since it is the government itself which is acting lawlessly and tyrannically. Strange how few people understand what freedom means! Nearly everybody believes in freedom as applied to himself and to those with whose opinions he is in agreement. The acid test comes in the case of men whose ideas and purposes we despise and rightly fear. From this point of view we can say that the right of free speech means the right of our worst enemy as well as our best friend to say his say.

In an advertising circular put out by the New York Central Railroad, we find the following item from the Watertown (N. Y.) *Standard*:

> Government railways are luxuries for which the public pays dearly. . . . Recently sharp attention has been called to the condition of affairs in Austria, where railroads are owned by the government. In January the loss on operation of these railroads accounted for 43 per cent of the big deficit in the government's finances. . . . Increased rates have not helped. Suggestions are now being made in Austria that the only way out is to obtain for the Austrian railroads, too, private ownership and operation.

This is an excellent example of what we call unfair argument—the presentation of what may well be an indubitable fact without any mention of other vitally important facts with which it is connected. The railroad situation in Austria today may be, undoubtedly is, all that is here described. But what about Austria herself? Will not "sharp attention . . . to the condition of affairs" in that unhappy country reveal certain facts which may have some causal influence upon the railroad predicament? In other words, remembering all that has happened to Austria since 1914, is it not reasonable to suppose that government ownership is not the only factor involved in the disaster which has befallen its railways. Suppose these Austrian railways were in private hands, is it not certain that the same demoralization would exist? Or suppose the railways were returned to private hands, as suggested, is there any possibility that they could be rehabilitated until Austria had recovered something of her old-time political and economic importance? Blood simply does not run in a body which has been wounded, broken and dismembered. In saying all this, we are not arguing either for or against government ownership of railroads. We are simply asking that a question of this kind be argued with honesty, with a fair survey of all the facts involved, with all the cards face upward on the table.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, who has just published a volume of memoirs, is the latest clergyman to tell the truth about the plight of the churches. In the last issue of the *Lutheran Quarterly*, he declares that "the church in its entirety and in its individual membership" seems quite unaware of its social responsibility and "terribly deficient in self-assertiveness." To press his point, he uses one of the most illuminating metaphors, or rather similes, that we have ever seen.

> "The church," he writes, "moves through the great mass of society with much the quietness and placidity with which the Gulf Stream slips through the vast body of the Atlantic, leaving the water on either side unmixed with its waters. The world does not care for the church . . . and the church seems not to be surprised at the indifference with which it is regarded by society at large, and appears indeed to be quite unconscious of that indifference."

Dr. Parkhurst, like the late Bishop Williams whom we quoted last week, is one of the few modern clergymen who really has a right to read this indictment against his brethren. His church, in its heroic days under his leadership, was no Gulf Stream. Rather was it a vast tidal convulsion, gathering up all life within its area in a cleansing flood, and sweeping everything before it. New York cared tremendously for Parkhurst's church, either to hate it or to love it. Indifference towards it was impossible, since the church itself was not indifferent to anything that concerned God's Kingdom. But this church was one in a thousand, as its minister was one in ten thousand. The average church, like the average minister, amounts to little or nothing in terms of righteousness. It is not even a Gulf Stream, for it does not flow, but lies a stagnant pool of denominational inertia. To clean up these pools is a primary duty of spiritual sanitation.

Armistice Day

Five years ago, we celebrated Armistice Day for the first time, with passionate enthusiasm. This was not due merely to the fact of the cessation of war, though the relief of the tension under which we had been living doubtless had a considerable part in the emotions of the day. But merely to stop fighting meant nothing unless its beginning was equally meaningless, which was very far from being the case. No one who lived through those intense years when America was looking on and hesitating as to her duty, can question the nobility of motive of a vast number of those who went into the great struggle. The writer believes their thinking was exceedingly superficial and they had been misled by much false propaganda; but their purposes were exalted and their spirit was that of the crusader of old,—an indistinguishable mixture of the love of adventure, the mob mind, and noble idealism. They went after something which they believed to be worth the expenditure of effort, of treasure, and of life itself. That something was rather vague and cloudy in its outlines, but it had been phrased in various ways as "a warless world," a "world safe for democracy," the "ending of imperialism," a "nobler and higher civilization" and many more. These are great words and they stand for great things. The things promised are worth almost any price that could be paid, and the price paid was a staggering one. Thirteen millions of men killed in the armies and as many more of women and children by starvation, by exposure, or other incidental causes, is apparently a conservative estimate as to lives lost, and over three hundred billions of dollars is the cash price the world has paid. That last figure is over three hundred dollars for every minute since the time of Christ. Yet it is not too much if the world gets what it has bought. The lives included a very large proportion of our best young manhood, for the armies would not take the lower grades at all, and they used the best of what they took for the deadliest service. There can be no question that the average character of the peoples of Europe will be on a lower plane for generations because of the picking of the best for slaughter and the worse for fatherhood. But lives must be spent for humanity and if humanity is to have a safe and warless world after all the millenniums of strife, far be it from any of us to complain of the price.

But on this fifth anniversary of the armistice it is fair to ask whether the goods, bought and paid for, have been delivered. Have we that safe and warless world and are we likely to get it? Those who promised it and who set the means and the price are still in the control of the nations pretty much all over the world. The individual premiers and presidents may have stepped aside but they are represented by others who stood for the same point of view and are responsible for the means and the price. And what do we find? There is no suggestion that we have the thing we bought and all responsible rulers are proposing that we proceed to get ready to pay a similar price over again, with even less prospect that we will get the goods. There is no evidence that the rulers of the European nations ever even tried to deliver to their worn-out peoples the orderly and uplifted world they promised. England and France promptly began a dishonest and despicable game of diplomacy for control in the Near East in which the lives and welfare of the folk who lived there were not given a moment's consideration. Italy and Jugo Slavia were soon in the same kind of strife, while the cynical and stupid handling of the relations with Austria and Germany are unrelieved so far as the principal nations are concerned, by a ray of human charity. Today we see as the result of such handling of the situation a welter of hatreds, a wreckage of slowly-built institutions in

the interest of human happiness, a vile and contemptible interplay of selfish nationalistic motives. In all this America has not been too well served. I suppose none will question the noble intentions of President Wilson, nor fail to realize that his intentions could not function when brought into conflict with the shifty and ignoble methods and men of European diplomacy. Probably our inaction in the five years just past is due to mere inefficiency, mere lack of vision and of capacity on the part of our public men. What should we expect of men who took America into the war and who promised the great goods to come out of it? Naturally they can only blame the enemy, or this and that unworthy ally that the goods were not delivered. And this unworthy and unintelligent performance has filled our papers and our magazines: Shame upon a Europe which, out of an orgy of killing and destruction in which righteousness was triumphant, did not produce peace and order; evidently Germany is destroying herself merely to bring us to confusion; evidently France is wilfully and wantonly desiring reparations in order to make trouble; without doubt Italy is embarking on new imperialisms for the purpose of annoying the virtuous nations, and England is intensifying the old imperialisms out of mere spite. Where are the goods we bought?

It is very evident that there is no hope and no future in such folly, and there is no hope and no future in such blind and ignoble leadership.

But if not in them where is the hope and the future? It would be pleasant to point out just where hope is to come from and just who is to bring it. But it is to be feared that only an optimism as blind and as stupid as the vapid outcries quoted above, would undertake such a task. The probabilities are, I suppose, that we will have to wait out the lives of the old men who made the war, for it is not probable that their followers will get rid of them. But at least let as many as may recognize what is going on and be ready to welcome the men of vision when they come. A few of them are here now in public life, but they are probably too much tangled up in policies and parties, in past achievements or present involvements to make their voices heard effectively. But shall not the young men who did the bidding of the old men on the hearing of the old men's promises—shall not they bring us new clear voices? Shall not they be scornful of the sham and the falsehood that is being played up as patriotism? and shall they not lead us into new ways?

Meantime our generation cannot just mark time. And there is the World Court and there is the League of Nations. We must have something of the kind not very different from those which have already been organized, and it would save time to have them prepared for the possible statesmen who may come. The men who make them and fill them and use them now, will make, fill, and use them for selfish nationalistic purposes; but at least they will stand as a sign before men of the thing that should be. It seems to the writer of this that we should give them our support and our strength, not expecting much of them until our dark sister death shall have visited many, but grateful for what little things they may accomplish meanwhile, and glad to leave some suggestion of the social organism which shall serve the world of tomorrow.

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

Rumors persist that the Nobel Peace Price this year is going to Mahatma Gandhi! We should be astonished if this were the case. But why not to the immortal Indian—or to Romain Rolland, or to our own Jane Addams? The award of a peace prize to a real peace-maker would seem at least to be reasonable!

Henri Barbusse is being prosecuted in Paris for a speech in which he called upon the French soldiers not to march against their German brothers in the Ruhr. Here is another genuine candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. Again, why not?

The American Lutheran (October, 1923) thinks that the time has passed for the placing of an undertaker's sign on a church. "There ought to be no other sign on the church except that advertising the business of the church." Exactly! And that's just the reason why we find the undertaker's sign most appropriate just where it is!

Here is a gem!—"Modern thought is not merely the enemy of the Church. Modern thought, in the sense of universal democracy, the rejection of authority, divorce, race suicide, Socialism and Bolshevism, is the enemy of civilization." This statement is published in an American religious periodical of dignity and influence. It is some comfort to an abhorred radical to observe that the ordinary advocate of democracy is after all no better than a Bolshevist!

We were excited last year to the point of exaltation by the announcement that E. A. Housman was to publish a volume of "Last Poems." Now we are excited the same way by the announcement that Thomas Hardy has written and will soon publish a new dramatic poem. If this is not thrilling news, we don't know what could be.

Israel Zangwill is still speaking truths that hurt. To an outraged New York audience he said this the other day:

The last war, we were told, was a war to end war. It was rather a war to end peace. We were told that it was a battle for democracy. It ended that condition in Spain, Italy, and Russia, and will end it in Germany. Next time let us say it is a war for wickedness and autocracy and see what the results are.

"'We shall prevail as God reigns'; predicts 'utter destruction' of opponents." No, dear friends, this is not the ex-Kaiser speaking on the eve of his return to Germany. It is Woodrow Wilson speaking on Armistice Day.

J. H. H.

World Conference About Boys

Editorial Correspondence.

I went from Berlin to Portschach-am-See, Austria, on purpose to attend the second World Conference of Y.M.C.A. Workers among Boys, May 30th to June 10th, and to see my own boy, who has boys of his own. I spent over four days there of a ten days' conference. I found 800 men—a few women—spending ten days uninterruptedly on the subject of the Boy,—the "Hope of the World," as shouted in big letters back of the platform.

These men represented 40 countries, from Iceland to Ceylon, and the regions beyond. Naturally they spoke as many languages. Strikingly, English was the language of the Conference, with now and then an exception, when, on important matters, a translation in German and French was requested.

Having been at the Socialist Congress at Hamburg, a few weeks previous, where three languages were operated, I am ready to vote in favor of congresses being run on the one-language plan, whenever possible.

It is practically impossible to maintain an interest when two or three languages are in use. Besides, the waste of time. But I realize it would be impossible to hold some conferences without use of several languages.

English was the chosen language—decided upon, I understand, by the non-English delegates. It was striking to see an assembly of 800 men gathered in a big "hut" beside an Austrian lake, for 10 days, making speeches and singing songs in English. It must, however, be recalled that the Y.M.C.A. is of English origin and has been developed most highly in America. There were about 100 delegates from the U. S., the most of whom could speak nothing but English, while intelligent Europeans generally speak several languages.

The delegates were not boys, but men averaging 35 to 40 years. In this particular, the Y.M.C.A. Boys Division differs from the Youth Movement, say of Germany. The Youth Movement of Germany has definitely repudiated adult leadership. There were no boys in the Portschach conference. While the conference was all about the Boy, the Boy was absent. While the slogan of the conference was "The Boy, the Hope of the World," the Hope was kept at home. I got the impression that the delegates were tremendously interested in the Boy, yet they wanted him to grow up after the manner of the resolutions of the adults; that certain old chaps were in the back-ground, with wing-clippers for soaring youth. It was also quite apparent that the men who did the talking and were down for the principal addresses were not those who had been *working with boys*. It has always been thus, however. The veteran missionary—the worker—is crammed into a 5-minute talk on the afternoon of a church conference, while DD———Ph.D., who only has a platform interest and easy-chair knowledge of missions, is given the important address in the evening.

I got a lot of good out of this conference of adults on the Boy. In purpose and results it surpassed the usual religious conference. But I would have gained much more out of it, if I could have sat at the feet of the men who are daily working and playing *with the boy, who know the boy at first hand*. Then I would go far to sit at the feet of 800 boys—youngsters—who were holding their own conference, from inception to finish. Trusting the boys must come to mean to us exactly what trusting implies. I heard at the Portschach conference that there were plans on foot for a World Conference of Boys. That is fine:—but again, I hope the adults will leave the boys alone—in the planning, ordering and conduct of the conference. If not, some fine morning the adults will wake up and find a resolution slipped under their doors, that the boys have insurged and definitely repudiated adult leadership.

I was not prepared to hear what the Y.M.C.A. was doing in Europe—in relief work among students and also in constructive work. In fact, I was amazed to hear that in Europe the American Y.M.C.A. was sustaining 30 or 40 secretaries in as many cities—from Reval to Athens, and such places as Prague, Budapest, between. These men are doing a first class work in introducing the cheery tone characteristic of the American Y.M.C.A.; in introducing recreation and good will. The ordinary mission-work in Europe, to Jews and Catholics, fails generally, while the Y.M.C.A. succeeds, by its appeal to the business men of a city, by its non-sectarian spirit, and by the willingness of the promoters to leave as soon as the enterprise is locally sustained.

In fact, the most interesting four hours I spent at the Conference was when (a side-show, however) the American workers from Riga to Smyrna, to Portugal, to Argentina, gave their experiences. These fellows had touched life—and they were bursting to tell, in five minutes, their story of life for a year. Some of the stories were thrilling—as that of Jennings of Smyrna and Mitchell of Riga. Unquestionably, the Y.M.C.A., in its international work of gathering the young men of all nations into social, educational, recreational groups, in the city or university where they operate, is making a real contribution to the world's well-being.

The Y.M.C.A. has come in for a lot of criticism, the past ten years. The man or institution that has not been criticized during the past ten years lies in the graveyard. I am almost willing to affirm that the man who has not been in jail will probably be compelled to show reason why when he appears before that old jailbird, Peter, who sits on guard at the pearly gates. Well, the Y.M.C.A. is presenting a more robust, sane quality of Christianity than any church organization, with which I am acquainted. The Y.M.C.A. is giving thousands of young men in Europe new courage and technical knowledge to battle with life; and everywhere carries a truer international spirit than any of the churches—except the Quakers. The stories told about the Y.M.C.A. during the war were mostly untrue. The Association was quite as honorable as the "Knights" or

"Doughnut-Lassies." Personally, I feel that the Association—like the others—made a mistake in becoming a part of a fighting machine—an army—that went out to kill. It will take the Association—the others also—years to recover the ethical and spiritual power lost by partnership in human destruction. I doubt whether the present leaders will ever be able to see clearly again: for they have shown no public repentance; instead have received "knighthood" for "services during war."

This leads me to say that I watched closely for some one to strike a strong note for peace: to show how the boy can be made immune to war; how international brotherhood can be made more than a fellowship, a sentiment, but a reality. Any movement to repudiate the work of the Y.M.C.A. during the past war on ethical grounds would have been promptly squelched. I judge, after some inquiry, that not more than 10 of the 800 delegates are "conscientious objectors" to war. There were some strong resolutions for peace and against war, and an effort to affiliate more closely with the Scouts was blocked.

Naturally, I must not demand of these men more than can be expected of other religious groups. But I would almost be willing to "depart in peace," if I had seen at Portschach even a small group of the "Workers with Boys" determined that they would find a way of making boys immune to war. But how can they lead when they know not the way? It is perfectly clear to me that the method is shown in the Sermon on the Mount, that the way to meet and overcome evil is by love, which means a repudiation of the force of violence. But no sooner does one start to unfold this method of Jesus—than he is met by the glassy-eye, and his hearer has married a wife, or has bought a lot or has an automobile.

I came away from the Portschach Conference as from the Hamburg Conference of Socialists, feeling that it was so good that I wish it were much better. I feel about the Portschach Conference as I think Jesus felt toward the rich young man. I came away feeling also that over-emphasis is being put on *leadership*. The modern boy is suffering tremendously—even tragically—from over-discipline. Those who have charge of the training of youth are making the serious blunder that has been made by Germany the last half century (to which the non-adult leadership youth movement on the part of two million boys and girls is a natural and healthy protest) namely, of supposing a boy was well trained when he was taught to obey. The Y.M.C.A. has been over-obsessed with the idea that what was needed was "leaders," "key-men." What the boy should have is *freedom to respond to his own inner spirit*—not to obey the discipline of some leader—be this leader teacher, preacher or sergeant. The true aim of a worker with boys should be not to consider what he can give a boy but how he can encourage a boy to express himself.

Which leads me to say another thing. I was moved deeply as I sat in the Conference while middle-aged men were laboring to prove the slogan that "The Boy is the Hope of the World." I said to myself: "Old chap, you are dodging. It is rather cowardly to throw the responsibility upon the boy. Why not accept the burden; not throw it upon young shoulders. I am not facetious. I am calling attention to the chief note struck by John and also by Jesus, namely "The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand." Why be so anxious about getting the boys or the students or the children or the businessmen to follow Jesus; why not have these Y.M.C.A. adults, the preachers, etc., get right down to reality and follow Jesus themselves. Why shift the burden? To shift it is to deny the message of life; for the "Kingdom of Heaven," i. e., peace and good will, must come to those of the *present generation, or it will never come*. And when Jesus is "followed" by the "leaders"—the scribes, Pharisees, lawyers, preachers—followed, the boys will come along, like the rushing of a mighty wind.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Farther Fate of Russian Orthodoxy

(From Our Russian Correspondent)

These notes may be of some interest for those who watch the signs of spiritual unrest that are finding place among the people who lived through the gigantic cataclysm of a social revolution.

The Russian soul, as one writer rightly said, was for centuries squeezed between the hammer of the state and the anvil of the official church—now it springs to a new life and tries to find an appropriate place in the new surroundings, it looks for that spiritual equilibrium that is necessary for maintenance of life itself.

The materialistic philosophy of numberless souls is a sharp stone thrown against their very hearts and though only recognized and patronized by the state it fails as yet to find universal recognition. The anti-religious propaganda is most successful among the young factory people, army and navy, the children of the state children's houses and those embittered and brutalized by the severe struggle for bread, who lose entirely taste for religion. Others, as if trying to find oblivion from the cruel reality, reach a harbor where some rites are performed in a mystical way, so different, so idealistic, so totally contrary to the harsh noises of everyday. Those are the old believers. Some of them looking for a stable and safe organization join the Roman Catholic Church. Then again there are those who apparently are approaching a social interpretation of religion—those are the seekers of a new Church.

The Living Church which was the first outgrowth of the old official Church was divided into the Living Church and the Union of the Spiritual Regeneration—both revolutionary from the standpoint of the old orthodoxy.

The press already calls the Living Church "a new born Russian Presbyterian Church." It is busy principally with the external life of the Church (the economic situation of the clergy, permission for monks to marry, to the priests to remarry, married episcopat). The second hopes to regenerate the Church, to liberate it from the old superstitions, expects to create a Christian communistic order of life, emphasizing that "communism and socialism are living on principles they borrowed from Jesus of Nazareth." The third outgrowth of the czarist church is represented in the Union

of the Ancient Apostolic churches, organizations proposing to create agricultural Christian communities.

Now, after the Social Revolution is accomplished, everyone is asking: is it possible for religion to point the way of life? The world is going to answer this question, but the first answer is going to be from Russia. We have to find the form for the union of life, culture and religion. In this is the sense of this great historical moment. Russians longed for social righteousness, but the official church had expelled so called socialists from her portals. At present we have opportunity to join the truth of Christ to the social truth. We must find a point of unity between the churches because division among them distorts the harmony. Unity in diversity—this principle must be solved. In the new religious movement the most important factor is the recognition of the social revolution. "Every sincere search for truth is a religion." As I heard this last utterance of Rev. Bojarinov, one of the leaders of the Union of Spiritual Regeneration, I remembered the noble structure of the meeting house of the modern seekers of truth,* across the ocean where similar dignified words are engraved.

A year has passed since I heard this. A year during which the All Russian Tobor (Conference) was held in Moscow, the acceptance of the social Revolution confirmed, the new style for clerical chronology acknowledged, former patriarch Jichon officially by the Tobor, deprived of his power and expelled from the ranks of clergy. Then came ex-patriarch's public confession creating still more confusion in the mind of the orthodox masses. There are even church people who are so confused with all these happenings that they cannot tolerate even the new clerical chronology. Yet being faithful citizens of the Soviet government, they observe their holidays twice: once, as they say, "as the Soviet told us" and the other, 13 days after, (the old style chronology) "for the security sake." In the minds of many the fact of complete independence of Church has no meaning. They say plainly as the Soviet told us, "in place of the Tobor." The affairs of the orthodox Church are still unsettled.

The revolution ruined economically the country priests so that at present they have become actually the peasants. Formerly the priest was in perfect harmony with the czar and the nearest landowner, as the three had the same ideology.

The forced approach to the vast masses of peasantry created a new psychology of the priest. He is one of the crowd, he knows and understands better his flock. Times changed, the Church became independent, the Revolution had stirred many minds. So sprang up the new peasant church. The new divisions formed on the ruins of the old czarist church are fighting for their domination. The renovators hold Siberia, Ukrania and West of Great Russia, i. e., the agricultural Russia, while the old Jichon's Church has stronghold among the little bourgeoisie and some of intelligenzia of the cities. The old fashioned church also declares its loyalty to the state, but sticks firmly to the traditional old orthodox dogma.

The issue of the division of the old Mother-Church and of the struggles between the parties cannot be as yet predicted but it is evident that we here are learning a first and a hard lesson. By and by, we will be convinced that religion should be only spiritual, stripped of all the splendor of the Kult, from mysteriously suggestive dogma, new "Babe in the manger" bare and simple.

The sword of the revolution pierced the Church, someone said, and its purifying fire is bringing rebirth to all it touches on its way. The new ideas are dawning, but it would be unwise to expect any really significant change in a short time. I remember a religious gathering last winter when a voice from the crowd was heard: "for God the rites are unnecessary, and for men they are harmful." During the same evening a university professor declared: "our country people have the desire to solve moral problems. They are going to create a new church if the new movement will not divorce itself from the rites and lifeless ceremonies of the formal orthodoxy."

Meanwhile the anti-religious propaganda is widening. There exists a firm assurance that as soon as the masses receive an education, and become acquainted with the materialistic philosophy—the end of the dark reign of religion will come spontaneously. Recently I read in the leading Petrograd paper, an editorial entitled "The new Church and our Problems," the following lines:

> We must sincerely recognize that the disappearance of the Church of the bourgeoisie and nobility makes our struggle with religion extremely hard. The old Orthodox Church was easy to combat because she had many weak points,—her deadening ritual, her cold formalism, her morally decayed clergy, her frank support of the autocratic power of the czar. All this made the problem of anti religious agitation very simple. In the minds of the conservative masses with the authority of the Church naturally goes to ruin the authority of religion itself.
>
> At present the position is more difficult. The new Church makes a goodly appearance, it is beginning to renounce the ceremonies, is adapting and fitting the forms of the Church to the life of the masses, mostly peasantry. The new Church has fewer weak points than the old one and that is why the struggle with the influence of this church upon the working class needs different methods than those that were practiced before. The struggle with religion must be intensified. It must be not only agitation but prolonged and obstinate propaganda—work mostly of the scientific kind. The broad masses must become permeated with the ideas of philosophic scientific materialism as only then the stone on which, according to Apostle Peter, the Church has had erected its edifice, is going to be destroyed. That is why we must pay most serious attention to the editing of popular scientific literature on all questions of nature study, to the organization of lectures on astronomy, geology, etc. The story of religion will be ended as soon as every workman and every peasant of our country will be certain that the world has existed millions of years and that the earth is moving around the sun.

The struggle of materialistic unbelief with idealism propagated by religion of Jesus is evident.

The activities of the *Communistic Union of Youth,* the anti-religious illustrated paper, lectures and clubs, pageants and the theatre help to widen the atheistic propaganda, but there is still a farther search for new ways.

> We must create a new materialistic movement especially among young workmen and factory girls. We should propagate science and explain scientifically the phenomena of nature. We started already a popular scientific magazine *TSKZA* (The Sparkle). We must edit millions of books where the word "God" should not be mentioned but at the same time where the idea of God should be killed. The new movement should have the enthusiasm at least in the same degree as the other part of the population has in proclaiming their faith in the lies. Thousands of teachers should take part in the movement.

What do the UNITY readers think on this subject?

Petrograd. ALINA HUEBSCH.

* The Society for Ethical Culture. Central Park W. & 64th St.

The Periscope

While it is doubtless true as Edward S. Corwin says, in his added chapters to Woodrow Wilson's volume on "Division and Reunion," that the Committee on Public Information under Mr. George Creel succeeded in "commending the (world) war to a large section of the American people that might otherwise have been inclined to pacifism," it is also true that the type of American patriotism which Mr. Creel played such an important part in creating, was void of those tenets which make for permanent nationalism. A virile and lasting patriotism cannot be established on animosity. It may exist in spite of such hatreds, but it must contain within its foundation elements of sympathy and understanding, principles of tolerance and world-wide friendly relations. The true patriot loves his country, and recognizes her rights and values, but that love is not founded on the ignorance of national provincialism. He knows other countries, and recognizes that they, too, have rights and values. The mushroom patriotism of the world war was largely the product of fear, hatred, hysteria and propaganda. Now that the war is over the superficiality of such patriotism is manifesting itself in civil strifes.

We should have expected as much. You cannot train from three to four million men in the art of bayonet stabbing, even to the niceties of the specific type of growl which should accompany the fatal thrust, and the half turn which must be given the knife in order to extract it from the corpse without bending or breaking the blade; you cannot flood the books and papers of a nation with thousands of atrocious stories; you cannot bind a national group together through playing on the people's emotions until their every act is stimulated by fear and enmity; you cannot, in other words, treat a nation as America was treated during the past war and expect it, in the age of reconstruction, to be free from civil dissensions.

Today, instead of being a united nation fighting a foreign group, America is the kitten snarling at its own reflection in the mirror. The intolerance, the hatred, the suspicion with which she has been taught to view peoples of another color, language, or social standard, has been turned on herself, until we have the critical spectacle of provincial animosity, clique antagonism, and party conflict. Ford and his followers in their Semitic oppression, certain capitalistic leaders in their warfare against political blocs, and certain American Legionites in their aversion toward everything not strictly American—all these group antipathies within our nation have been greatly stimulated through Mr. Creel's course in American Patriotism. We have taught our citizens to hate and growl and fight, and now that the chase is over and we desire a peace-loving, quiet, harmonious domestic relationship to exist between the members of our national family, we find the animalistic etiquette in which millions of our people have been trained, very distracting. With no foreign antagonist upon whom they can unite in a common expression of animosity, our one hundred per cent Americans of the George Creel school are turning on themselves, are fighting clique wars.

And right here lies the tragedy of the scene: Each of these warring groups feels that it is engaged in a worthy, American protecting enterprise, each thinks that the Nation is in danger of being overthrown if the other group gets control of the Government. Read the passionate pleas of the capitalist for the suppression of the radical, and the soul stirring appeals of those same radicals that the Government be kept free from the plundering hands of the financiers. And neither group seems to realize that the more malice they foster among their own followers toward the members of the other faction, the more coherent, forceful, and antagonistic will become their opponents. Edward A. Steiner is correct when, on the basis of this psychological law, he says in reference to the Ku Klux Klan that "instead of injuring the Roman Catholic by recognizing the Klan, you only serve to increase his loyalty to his church and creed."

The George Creel type of patriotism has become in these supposedly days of reconstruction, little more than a camouflage under which one can with safety and a clear conscience exercise the old war spirit against those who were, during the war, his pals. True Americanism, true patriotism, is learned not in the bayonet thrust nor the story of Procrustean tortures, but rather in a sympathetic unprejudiced study of all peoples, and in an effort to bring to Americans the values of all civilizations, for this nobler type of nationalism is founded on sympathy, understanding, tolerance, open-mindedness to all social values, and a world-wide friendly relationship. EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

A PSALM

The life of every soul is in the care and keeping of Him who is the life of life.
His being is the being of all; and His life is the life of all.
There is no soul of which He is not the soul;
No beauty and truth that is not the manifestation of His beauty and truth.
There is no one who is not a part of His perfect order of life and love.
None can be forgotten of Him, none neglected and none lost.
Beautiful and full of truth are the ways of God.
Sure and steadfast are His wisdom and power.
To all is His power given, and through all and to all is His wisdom made known.
He leaveth none to the ways of error nor abandoneth him in his sin.
He followeth the blinded in their bewilderment nor can any come to destruction.
God is ever faithful and His abundance is equal to all our needs.
One can fall into none but God's hands and can receive only what God provides.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

THE STUDY TABLE

"The Woman of Knockaloe"*

The scene is laid in the Isle of Man, at a farm called Knockaloe, which was taken as an internment camp for German civilians. The farmer is Robert Craine, and with him are his fine son and daughter, Robbie and Mona. When Britain declared war, Robbie joined up at once and went off, won the Victoria Cross, and was killed. There are twenty-five thousand civilians interned behind the barbed wire at Knockaloe, and two thousand guards. Mona remains with her father to supply the camp with milk. She is the only woman, and gets known as "The Woman of Knockaloe." She loathes and hates the Germans, though she knows not why. When the news of Robbie's death reaches them, the farmer is stricken with paralysis, and Mona's fury mounts to white heat. Then a change gradually takes place, as contact with the prisoners shows her that they too are human, and have their sufferings and sorrows. She sees that it is all the fault of the war.

One morning, a fine young German comes for the milk, whose manner and appearance remind her of her slain brother. His name is Oskar Heine. Nature begins her reconciling work; Mona finds herself looking after him. Oh, God! why do men make wars! Great Nature conquers; she loves her enemy. Then Society revenges itself on Nature. The shock kills her father. The farm servants leave her. The islanders despise her. One of Nature's cleanest, they yet sneer away her reputation. She almost hates herself for her love; and Oskar, who sees her sufferings, stays away.

Mona now prays for peace; for then the barriers between race and race will be broken down. The Armistice comes, and she thrills with hope. But months pass, and the prisoners are not freed. Then the nationals are ordered back to their own countries. Oskar will have to go back to Germany, unless he has a wife or business in this country. Well, then, why not marry her, and settle on the farm? But the landlord will not renew the lease; he will have no enemy aliens on his estate. She applies for another farm; but they maliciously sell her up to pay for prisoners' dilapidations, and she is rendered penniless. The whole island is closed against her. Oskar too has been rejected of men. Before the war, he had been chief engineer to a big firm on the Mersey, who had voluntarily promised to take him back when the war was over. But now they write saying that English workmen would refuse to work under a German manager. England is closed against them. Oskar's German mother writes that she would rather see him dead and buried than married to an Englishwoman; so Germany is closed against them. America remains, but they are both financially ruined, and cannot meet the necessary expenses. The whole world is shut against them.

Only one door remains open, and by that door they agree to make their exit from a world that has no use for lovers when they chance to be of hostile nationalities. Separated in life, by men, they will be united in death, before God. Bound together heart to heart, they kneel on the edge of the cliff, and repeat their simple burial service: *"Our Father, who art in heaven . . . Geheiligt wird dein name."* Another moment and the cliff head is empty.

"Love is strong as death. Jealousy is cruel as the grave. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

THE REAL WAR.

The author of this moving tale has given us many a longer story: I think he has never given us a better. He informs us that it came to him in a dream; but it is a dream with the verisimilitude of life itself. It is in fact (and the writer so intends it) a Parable of War and Peace. It is a polemic against War—yes, against The War—as the prime cause of the racial hatred, revenge, political fear and commercial jealousy which are bringing the world to destruction. It is a plea for Peace, universal Peace by disarmament, as the only alternative to general anarchy. An editorial note specifically says that the farm of Knockaloe stands for the world from 1914 to the present year, and the few incidents of the tale are intended to illustrate the effects of the War on the heart of humanity, to describe at very close quarters the consequences of what we call the Peace on the condition of the world and the soul of mankind, and to point to what the author believes to be the only hope of saving both from the spiritual and material suicide to which they are hurrying. To this delineation the author has brought his great moral fervor and dramatic genius, with the result that an appeal of immense missionary value is here sent forth to the world winged by a tale of love and sorrow such as from the most ancient times has moved mankind to tears of pity and remorse. May this affecting tragedy of a modern Romeo and Juliet do so again!

There are particular reasons why the author should publish this Confession of Sin, or Book of the Penance of Hall Caine. The editorial note is honorably candid. Down to the year 1914 the writer was an extreme pacifist. But when the War broke out, his pacifism broke down, and he forsook the narrow way of Peace to tread the broad road that leadeth to destruction. He was not alone. Alas, no. Many there be that go in thereat. That only makes the psychology of War more perplexing. What sudden *dementia* was it which, on that fatal summer day, sprang with satanic energy into the brains of pacifists, preachers, professors, politicians, publicists, poets, schoolmasters, journalists, novelists, and intellectuals of all sorts? It is no explanation to say that, like the others, the author of "The Christian" believed that we were confronted with a plot to violate liberty, outrage civilization, degrade religion, oppress the weak, and to wipe justice, mercy, and charity out of the world before the iron arm of a merciless military tyranny; believed, in fact, that we were fighting a war to end war. The question is, Why did he believe it? *Why* did men of brain and understanding allow themselves to be imposed on by that immeasurable hypocrisy? With books of history in their hands, why did they forget to reckon with the lies, pretences, cant, calumnies, concealments, incitements, propaganda which have accompanied every war since the beginning of time, but never so enormously, never so successfully, as in this latest age with its linked up machinery of national parliaments, churches, schools, colleges, newspapers, labor unions, commercial

*"The Woman of Knockaloe," by Hall Caine. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.

syndicates and associated employers,—all fed and feeding each other on the lies turned out for general consumption by the national lie-factory running concurrently with the munition-factory, and which was just as necessary to the winning of The War? Why could their learning not enable these clever men to see that, instead of ending war, The War meant more war, and yet more war again? Why could not they see that they were being hood-winked by criminals masquerading as politicians and patriots? To me, that remains the mystery of mysteries. Knowledge is said to be power; it may be; but obviously it is not wisdom, it is not balance, it is not rationality, it is not common-sense. Sir Hall Caine sees that now. Alas, —too late, too late!

All that is now possible for one who was a participant in the Great Crime is to resign the honors conferred upon him in virtue of his activities in promoting the same,—knighthood, the Order of Leopold (who was a bloodstained villain anyway), and the Companionship of Honor. That is a matter for his own conscience, but there is high precedent for a gesture so significant.

That 1914 frenzy is embodied in Mona, the central figure of the Parable. She discovers that she has always hated the Germans, though she hardly knows why, and hatred deepens at the very sight of them massed in their miserable thousands behind acres of barbed wire,—hatred, mind you, not pity, even in this woman-soul. Afterwards, she discovers that it is war, not race, that breeds hatred between human beings. When the stories of German atrocities begin to come in—mostly invented for propaganda purposes as Admiral Sims and others have now blandly informed a confiding public—Mona is furious. Why doesn't God hunt these wild beasts off the face of the earth? Later on, she is to learn that there are yet finer things God refrains from doing. She hates to supply milk to keep those brutes alive. She prays that God may punish them all,—not kings and kaisers only, but every man, woman and child. Even her old father rebukes her, —"You're hard, woman, you're hard." Yet it was not so much that she was hard, as that she was *unreasoning*. The war-passion had made her incapable of judgment, so that she denounces the enemy as hypocrites, traitors, and assassins, for making Zeppelin raids over London, clean forgetting that the Allies were doing the same over German cities. That's the devilish way of war. It makes heroes and martyrs of the men on one side, brutes and demons of those on the other. Enemy hate is accompanied by inflated self-righteousness, and the left hand of a nation shakes the right in hysterical praise of its own immaculate honor and nobility.

Just at this point, Hall Caine's evangel becomes reflective. The editorial note wonders whether the world is prepared for such an evangel; whether it is yet possible for any of the nations, still torn by recent wounds and bereavements, "to shake hands with the Germans *who caused them.*" (Italics mine.) I pass over the consideration that the Germans and Austrians—most of them as innocent of their war as we were of ours —are likewise enduring sufferings and bereavements such as have seldom been the lot of any people. But when I ponder those three monosyllables—"who caused them"—I am again amazed at the shortsightedness of educated men. Have they not yet heard of our secret commitments to France and Russia in 1906 and onward, as to which this country was grossly lied to by its leaders? Have they not heard of the secret trickery by which Britain conspired with France to dupe Germany with regard to Morocco? Have they not read declarations of French politicians that the war, so far as France was concerned, was waged for Alsace-Lorraine? The invasion of "little Belgium" was not the beginning of things:—Have they forgotten the Serbian murder, the Austrian ultimatum, and the Russian mobilization? From the writer of a parable of peace, one would also have looked for some expression of indignant sorrow on account of M. Poincaré's bloody terror in the Ruhr. Let that also pass. But since the Armistice, proofs have accumulated which establish beyond all dispute that the Allies in various degrees were jointly responsible with the Central Powers for the outbreak of The War. Let us be eternally grateful to the popular writer who takes the risk of asserting that the German race consists of human beings, mostly good, like ourselves, though, like ourselves, some of them might be savages; that there were good men and true within German gray as well as within British khaki; and that the refusal to recognize such an elementary fact is driving Europe and the world deeper and deeper into hell. There is no stint to my admiration for the literary man who dares to assert that God, not the devil, made the Germans; and that they are entitled to be treated as children of God. To assert so much in France or Great Britain today is to court social and political ostracism and to stamp oneself as a brave man. So much, Hall Caine does, and I take the liberty of saying to him that though I always thought much of him, I never thought so much of him as I do this day. Nevertheless—well, whether it was his vision or his valor that failed, I am not his judge. On his front page he quotes our poet Coleridge. I also will commend to him two half lines from the same poet,—

. . . . We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion!

Let him read again that poet's "Fears in Solitude." Our deep delusion is that Germany was solely responsible for The War. The monstrous lie of German *sole*-guilt was invented for purposes of propaganda, and it remains to poison the life-blood of the human race. At vengeful Versailles it was crammed down the throats of protesting German delegates. As long as that lie is unretracted, unatoned for, the hellish hate it has wrought in the minds of men will never be repented of. Not only the French pharaoh but the democratic pharaoh in all nations will continue to harden his heart, till Central Europe is pushed through all the stages of military terrorism, poverty, starvation, industrial chaos, civil war, down to an inferno of bloody anarchy, into which the rest of the nations will follow her one after the other, till—God only knows! Coleridge, thou hast said it! Too long have we been the dupes of that deep delusion. Merciful heaven, forbid that certain British and French statesmen shall pass to judgment with that lie in their right hand!

The Sham Peace

A peace treaty based on the fundamental falsehood of German sole-guilt could not bring Peace, and made the pretence of peace only more odious and hypocritical. Nor, in fact, was it intended to bring peace. Hall Caine is clear on that. There are two ways of making peace,—"We have beaten the German brutes;

and what we have got to do now is to keep them beaten"—that is one way, and it was the way chosen by M. Clemenceau when he declared that the Peace Treaty was merely another way of continuing The War. The other way is expressed thus,—"I'll fight my enemy with the best, but when the fighting is over I want to forget and, if I can, forgive." That the wrong way was chosen is the cause of unspeakable suffering to Hall Caine. On Armistice Day, 1918, he actually believed that The War had killed war, and banished the greatest scourge of man for ever. The inhuman demoralization which has resulted has been to him a bitter disillusionment. Pathetic is his confession of the feelings that have long oppressed him on seeing that his cherished hope of a blessed peace that should wipe out war by war and build up a glorious future for mankind, has fallen to a welter of wreck and ruin. He sees that a peace of hate necessarily leads to future wars. The beaten enemy may suffer and starve, but he will return some day with hatred in his heart; for though he is human he is only human. Even now the liberated aliens march out from behind their barbed wire cages with song of battle in their mouths:

Glory to the brave men of old,
Their sons will copy their virtues bold,
Courage in heart and a sword in hand . . .

And Mona, what of her? She is crushed. Is this the peace she had prayed and prayed for? Race, race, race! When, oh when would the Father of all living wipe the blasphemous word out of the mouths of men! God had put it into her heart to love Oskar, and into Oskar's heart to love her, and surely God would see them through. One day he would open people's eyes, and then the bishop and the clergy and the town commissioners would be ashamed of themselves for their cruelty to her and her lover. But then there comes a time when God doesn't seem to care—no, he doesn't seem to care! At one time she had felt as if in loving Oskar she was renouncing her race,—but even then, what of it? Was it not written in a book Christians professed to believe, *"Whither thou goest, I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God"?* But now, her own race are renouncing her—her who had been born and bred among them, whose ancestors had farmed Knockaloe for generations. Yes, they had cast her off. Her father's farm is swindled from her. No landlord will let her another. She is reduced to penury. Her very reputation is being sneered away. Her bereavements follow one another in dark procession like those of the patriarch Job. One woe doth tread upon another's heels. It is the same with her betrothed. He is denied a home in England, she in Germany, and both in America. The world is a closed door. The bewildered girl cannot understand why good people should be so unkind. Her lover understands: "Oh, your people are no worse than any other —not an atom. People are the same everywhere. It's The War, Mona. It has drained every drop of humanity out of them." Yes, *that*—not the blood and pain—is the fiendish thing about war. What drops of vitriol are in a cup of milk, such is war in the hearts of men and women otherwise kind and good, turning to gall their milk of human kindness.

Under pressure of that feeling, the author of this Parable of War and Peace utters a great and vehement cry for repentance. He sees that the hearts of men and women need to be purged of the jealousies, hatreds and corruptions which The War created, by a personal return to the spiritual and natural laws which alone can bring the human family back to peace and real security. What are these laws? They are the laws of love and mutual forgiveness which are fundamental to Christianity—and also, we may add, to all other forms of religion. Here is mankind's only hope. Without the practice of mutual love, forgiveness, forbearance and co-operation, politics and conferences are meaningless mockery, religion an organized hypocrisy, the churches a snare, and international democracy a sham. Let it not be so!

In tender and pathetic scenes, our author shows that there are but two great uniting powers in the universe—Love and Death. The love of Mona and Oskar is a type of that natural affinity which transcends race and creed. Let great nature have her way, and she would speedily internationalize and unite the sundered peoples of the earth. There is some soul of goodness in things evil, and in their coarse way, even the lawless amours of German prisoners with British girls, and of British prisoners with German girls, are a form of nature's protest against artificial divisions—nature's affirmation that we all are children of Adam, one family of God, made for one another, to live peaceably with one another, if the war-mongers would but get out of the way. How much more does the pure spirit affinity of the splendid man and maiden, whom the genius of Hall Caine has created for the purposes of his Parable, establish the truth of nature's law, the home-law of our great mother, that she regards all her children with equal love and favor, and desires to have them live in love and peace with one another.

And then Death—yes, death, at any rate, at long last, unites and mingles all the nations and races, folding them all on the hospitable, broad bosom of their common mother. As the Scottish Paraphrase finely and simply puts it,—

There servants, masters, small and great,
partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
of those who once were foes.

Oh, my friends, is it worth while—all this envying, coveting, hating, fighting, starving, torturing, killing, when we must all mingle our dust in the same charnel-house at last?

I close this review of a brave and fine piece of work, with a story from it, which is enough to convert the world! It is the Commandant of the Knockaloe camp who is speaking:

I was at the front in the early days, and after a bad bit of an engagement I came upon a German officer in a shell-hole. He was in a terrible state, poor fellow, and we couldn't take him in, so I decided to stay with him. His mind was perfectly clear, and he said, "Colonel" (I was colonel in those days), "don't you think this is strange?" "What's strange?" I asked. "Well," said he, "if you and I had met in the trenches I suppose you would have tried to kill me for the sake of Motherland, and I should have tried to kill you for the sake of Fatherland, yet here you are trying to save me for the sake of . . . Brotherland." More of the same kind he said in those hours, and when the end came he was in my arms and his head was on my breast, and I don't mind telling you I . . . I kissed him.

Manxman, I thank thee for that word! It is the saving, healing, reconciling and uniting word.

Let it girdle the world!

London, England. —*Walter Walsh.*

CORRESPONDENCE

SOCIAL PROPHETS IN THE LIBERAL CHURCH.

To the Editor of UNITY:

Is there a place for a social prophet like Amos or Isaiah in the Liberal church today? More and more the spirit of the humanitarian religion of Channing, Emerson and Parker is being driven out, and the theological priestly element gaining in power. From the time of the first humanitarian impulse in religion enunciated by the Hebrew prophet, Amos, to the present day, there have always been two elements in Jewish and Christian religions. Professor Rauschenbusch calls the Reformation the rebirth of the social hope and points out the prophetic nature of this movement as against the ascetic and theological.

In the essay read before the Berry Street Conference of Unitarian ministers in May, 1919, Richard Boynton, the Unitarian minister in Buffalo, pointed out the prophetic nature of the preaching of Channing, Emerson and Parker. The pews were mainly reactionary and preferred theological preaching. Ernest Renan considered the social writings of Channing to be the most significant part of his work. John White Chadwick, in his able biography of the prophet of Unitarianism, says that "as Channing drew to the close of his career," his hopes for the improvement of society centered more in the poorer than in the richer classes. The rich parishioners in his Federal Street church were "irritated at times almost beyond endurance," as Mr. Boynton points out, by the humanitarian interests of Channing.

So it would have been with Emerson had he remained in the ministry. Parker escaped through his Melodeon Hall enterprise. The age-old antagonism between the prophetic and the priestly in religion, viz., the good in the life that now is and the hope beyond, are not cast off by the change of the names of churches. Religious teachers must always recognize this parallelism amounting to two distinct religions.

When we hear that matchless teacher of liberal religion, J. T. Sunderland, raise the question why the late George Willis Cooke "should not have been heard in (Unitarian) Ministers' Institutes and our Berry Street Conference" (in the appreciation of George Cooke's contribution to humanitarian religion, in UNITY of June 14), we understand something of the prophet's reward. "He was not often asked to speak at any of our national Unitarian gatherings. Perhaps this was partly because of his too great modesty; possibly it was because he was thought to lean too much toward socialism. It is especially noticeable and regrettable that one so able, so richly equipped as a scholar, so eminent as an author, so strong as a thinker and so pregnant with great and living messages to our time which he was constantly delivering on other platforms and to other audiences should not have been heard in our Ministers' Institutes and our Berry Street Conferences of ministers. Why was this?"

This quotation from Mr. Sunderland is the question of the ages. The prophets of Israel would have been forgotten had they been accepted in their day. They wrote that their messages might live. Had Mr. Cooke, or any other preacher of the humanitarian message, been accepted by the influential in his day like all priestly leaders he would soon have been forgotten. That Mr. Cooke ministered only to small churches though his preaching was "full of living thought filled with a deep enthusiasm for justice and righteousness and truth" proves that a prophet may hope for but the crumbs of the popular acclaim his message deserves.

All this brings me back to the question: Is there a place for a social prophet in the Liberal church today? I think not. Before retiring from the Unitarian ministry I consulted a number of prophetic souls in the Unitarian churches. The question was, "Is there any further usefulness for a pacifist and humanitarian minister in the church today?" The general answer was, No. Yet in no sense was I governed by advice from others but solely by experience.

Considering the tendency of these two elements in religion, under great social stress, intensified by the late slaughter in Europe, to draw apart so that they can be clearly seen, I for one rejoice when I learn of ministers of this type walking out and setting up in some fashion along humanitarian lines. It is not easy when you have been in a church for forty years to become a "go-out-er" as one minister expresses it, he is keeping a prophetic flag flying in the church but there are not many such.

Let me now illustrate the growing cleavage from my own experience. Long before I had had the privilege of studying in a Unitarian theological school I had had the privilege of attending a Unitarian church, for about 7 years. A very good minister of that church was told that John Haynes Holmes was about to visit that part of the country and was asked to open his church to him. "No," this minister told me, "I shall not open my pulpit to that Socialist." I was shocked but felt this was an isolated case. With more experience I found that any minister with the humanitarian message is discouraged because "people want religion, not politics." At a ministers' meeting in California I happened to be the youngest of a group of twelve. The question of the withdrawal of the Church of the Messiah, New York, was raised. When I said a church that could not hold the message then being given there, could not hold me either, as I considered the Unitarian church catholic as well as liberal, the group turned on me with the reply we did not force the minister out. No, to my sorrow I had discovered by that time what Jehovah did to Jonah, He made him willing to go.

Turning to the priestly direction the church is taking, often under ministers once full of humanitarian fire the picture becomes clearer by contrast. Robes are seen in pulpits where the democratic congregation would walk out had they been worn ten years ago. Lecturns, candles, communion cups and all the symbols of the priestly have entered in and are now at home. I remember one minister looking on me with bitterness when he counted on me to help him introduce the communion cup in his church. I told him of an old professor, a godly man, who said that when this nonsense went in he would go out. I do not want to raise any question about formalism in the older Unitarian churches. I know of no effort being lost by continuing beautiful and reverent custom but for ministers to waste energy to add sign upon sign and form upon form simply spells priestly deadness. In this day and age symbolism that is introduced in protestant churches at no end of cost in money and time is a sign of the times. Incidentally the minister referred to above promised to open his church for an amnesty meeting provided pacifists kept off the platform. Accepting this compromise, did not open his church, however, "priestly counsel" prevailing.

If any question remains about the direction of the mind of many Unitarian churches it would be well to consult the list of "Religious Beliefs of College Students" issued by the Laymen's League of that church. It is like voting for "57" amendments at one time as we do in California. In front of a list of 67 questions are two columns one marked yes, the other no. The categorical *yes* or *no* ought to show how dead prophetism is, for spirit is enriched out of the living spirit of God. But follow the questions. "There is a supreme power, The supreme power is God, God is: a conscious being, a personality, unchangeable," and so on for forty questions. Then about church-going, unpleasant experience with ministers, sermons I enjoy, prayer, and finally the importance of religion in personal and political life.

Only three questions seem to me humanitarian in a real sense; the others are moot questions of theology—"War can be abolished, Race hatred can be abolished, and The competitive system in industry can be abolished." No. 46, "The purpose of Jesus was to correct the economic evils of the Roman Empire," has humanitarian implications.

This list, it is to be remembered, is to be filled out *yes* or *no* for the information of laymen and ministers in college town churches. It is nothing more than the Catechism or the Thirty-nine Articles in an embryonic stage.

This evidence added to uniform prayer books crying for acceptance in Unitarian churches and vows of five minutes silence per week seems enough to close the case for the priestly influence.

But it may be said from some quarters, the organized work of this church, headquarters, weeps like a sorrowing mother over her children casting each other out. I know of one case that shows too clearly that the officials of the denomination are glad to see the prophets go. One such prophet as Micah was has a small church, so small that he finds it necessary to live in another town and carry on a little business to feed his family. This man is known as Saint by many people outside of his church. Some time ago an official from headquarters met with some of his trustees in his absence without notifying this minister that he was in town. The purpose seemed to have been to secure the church property as this worthy prophet was reported to be preaching "Socialism," offending one or two influential supporters.

There is no place for a social prophet in the Liberal church today. The sooner the line is strictly drawn between the priest and the prophet the sooner social religion will come to its own. Social religion alone will be able to abolish war and

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A SUGGESTION.

One year ago I sent a "A Christmas Suggestion" to 150 of my friends. The suggestion brought about $3,000, and 3,000 children received a supplementary meal for 3 months. I said then that the winter promised to be a desperate one, and it was.

Left alone, the German people would have pulled out. But political and economic causes operating chiefly from the outside have brought about a still more desperate condition. The nation is bankrupt—the mark having depreciated a billion times. For one year I have watched this great nation slowly crumbling. There has been great physical and spiritual suffering. I have taken special pains to explore the social life of Germany from Alexanderplatz, the heart of Berlin, where hungry mobs are storming the markets, as I write, to children's homes in the country. It is the same drab story of collapse.

I could give figures of the increase of tuberculosis and suicides, etc., all revealing startling loss of vitality but I ask you to believe one, who has done nothing for 9 months but sense the conditions, that in my judgment 5 years more like the past year would reduce the German people—men, women and children—to a state of impotence.

The 3,000 Dollars that were sent a year ago were disbursed by the National Central Committee for Childfeeding, all of whose overhead expenses are met by the Government. The splendid organization was inherited from the Quakers. This committee is still on the job.

May I again make clear that money should be sent in *Dollars or Pounds, not in Marks.* A personal check (on one's own bank), a New York, Chicago or London draft made payable to Hanns Gramm, Director, and sent direct to him at No. 2, Dorotheen Str., Berlin, will receive acknowledgment and begin the work of feeding children.

I cannot leave Germany without broadcasting this suggestion to my friends. I carry away with me the knowledge that hundreds of thousands of children, of this people, all winter will have no luxury, no cake, no meat, no milk and an insufficient quantity of poor food.

SYDNEY STRONG.

BISHOP BRENT ON OPIUM.

The control of the cultivation of the poppy within the limits demanded by medicinal and scientific needs is the only rational and effective means of closing the door at home and abroad to opium addiction. The scientific uses of opium are such a slight extension of its medicinal uses that the word "medicinal," generously construed, covers all legitimate needs...The legitimate trade is confined to so limited a figure that, though we may not be able to determine to the ounce the amount necessary, we are aware that there is produced and distributed annually not less than ten times the amount capable of being consumed to the advantage of mankind. In other words nine-tenths of the world's production is used for purposes of gain or revenue, and the corruption attendant upon it. There are governments engaged in this trade which regret it...It falls upon them to extricate themselves from the sins of their fathers, so that future generations may be free from the burden and shame which is our noxious heritage.

We have reached a day when enlightened public opinion is counted the chief determining force in national affairs, and it behooves those of us who happen to have full information in the matter before us to share it with mankind...The crux is that narcotics are wealth-as well as vice-producing. Eliminate revenue, and what government would have further interest in the cultivation of the poppy? As early as 1905, experience had taught me that in this complex problem salvation for one would only come through the salvation of all, and I proposed to the American government international action, with what result you know. The severest domestic legislation is unable single-handed to cope with the problem. As in other health matters, so here, there must be world-wide concerted action. Drug addiction is not only a disease, but a disease far more terrible than that which attacks the body only...(It) kills both body and soul.

In 1892 there was a public declaration by 5,000 medical men in Great Britain that:

1. The habit of opium smoking or of opium eating is morally and physically debasing.

2. That opium ought in India, as in England, to be classed as a poison.

(Minutes of the International Opium Conference, p. 14.) This conclusion has been consistently endorsed by expert opinion from then till now.

Were drug addiction put on the list of diseases, the causes of which have been ascertained, as it should be, the method of science in dealing with it would be exactly the method by which we deal with malaria or yellow fever. We do not waste our efforts merely by segregating and treating the infected. We go like sensible people to the source of infection and eliminate it. The over-cultivation of the poppy is a proven and grave cause of infection in the disease of morphia addiction. Let us then go after it and deal with it with the same expedition with which we would spray all standing water with kerosene if malaria or yellow fever threatened.

The time has come for action on one of the great moral questions of our times, and the tide of opportunity runs high. The right is the right and brooks no trifling or quibbling or standing on technicalities, except at the cost of penalties so black that by their side the penalties of doing right are white and inviting. We are in the valley of decision. There are but two alternatives. As Lord Grey has said: "The nations must learn or perish."

The earliest and greatest mandate we strong nations can assume...is the moral mandate by which we honestly protect the higher welfare of weak or small nations by demanding for, rather than conceding to, them the same safeguards and privileges that we demand for ourselves. Moral questions have no boundaries. The world of today is steadily revealing itself to be a world of identical moral interests. If we exploit abroad where we defend at home, the downfall of the exploited will eventually become our downfall.

From an Address delivered before the Assembly of the League of Nations.

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poverty and economic injustice because it believes in social justice here. The priestly message has been consolation here and justice in another world. Channing under the theological banner of Unitarianism was lost to the masses. It would have been better for him had he done like Isaiah and gone out on Boston Common and moved among the masses in whom he had hope and whom he sincerely loved. Unitarianism is a theological tradition in name, a fact ignored by many of its social prophets. Jenkin Lloyd Jones disliked it, Frederic Hedge wanted to call the new religious movement with so much social promise "Humanitarianism." Whatever name might be chosen for a religious faith it will still have the two elements which can be traced in all Jewish and Christian religious history.

The parallel developments in religion are distinct. In times of deadness of the spirit there is no room for the prophet. Today a young man preaching the humanitarian message of George Willis Cooke could not get into even a small church. Mr. Sunderland's question whether or not it was "socialism" that kept Mr. Cooke from deserved recognition in the denomination he served so long reveals the fact that a prophet may not look for favor or success among his priestly fellows.

The hope for the prophet's reward is in no preferment or honor save that of passing on the light of the new day to younger men. The young manhood of America is as ready to be God's Prophets as were Channing or Parker, else what means this social questioning and unrest the church refuses to have any part in, and substitutes a theological questionnaire drawn up by a priestly cult all but dead to the cry of the masses. When we remember this we see how futile are the million dollar drives for church organization, not one per cent of which is contributed by the toiling masses.

When the paradoxical truth is recalled that the prophet is ignored but remembered, and the priest is honored but forgotten, the place of George Willis Cooke is assured. Tolerated, with crumbs of recognition in his denomination as all such souls are today, one cannot help raising the question, What will be the influence of such prophets when they find their true places outside the church? ARTHUR B. HEEB.

[The writer was an attendant at a Unitarian church for seven years before entering a Unitarian theological school. He preached for five and one-half years acceptably in one church; placed in "cold storage" for his pacifism and humanitarian point of view by old fellowships and all churches, he has identified himself with the Quakers and has been carrying on a very successful educational work for peace.]

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

Remarkable Resolution at International Conference.

The remarkable way in which the Youth Movement on the Continent is tending is shown in the following resolution adopted by 600 representatives of the German Youth Movement, who met at Hellerau, near Dresden, on August 4th, 1923, with representatives from America, Britain, Finland, Holland, Austria, Poland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Czecho-Slovakia:

"We send our fellow greetings to the youth of France. We regret very much that representatives of the French Youth could not come to Hellerau, and we express the wish that on future occasions French and German young people will co-operate for peace and for a new social order.

"We believe that to-day there rests a special responsibility with the French and the German Youth for the building up of a new world in the spirit of peaceful co-operation.

"To every kind of violence we will oppose our common effort for peace and a united Europe."

CHICAGO READERS TAKE NOTICE!

John Haynes Holmes will be heard in Chicago on the following days:

December 14—

10:30 a. m. Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard. Subject: "Five Years After the War"—A Survey and a Prophecy.

6:30—Federation of Religious Liberals —Banquet at headquarters, Abraham Lincoln Centre.

December 15—

1 p. m. Hull House.

December 16—

2:30—Milwaukee Open Forum. Subject: "My Visit to Soviet Russia."

December 17—

12 Noon—Chicago Women's Aid, 717 Kimball Building.

Afternoon—Oak Park, Ill. 19th Century Club.

8 p. m. Sinai Temple, 4600 Grand Boulevard. Subject: "Five Years After the War"—A Survey and a Prophecy.

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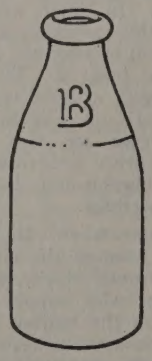

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